

T H E
BEGGARS CHORUS ;
 O R,
The JOVIAL CREW.

~~~~~  
*To an excellent new Play-house Tune.*  
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THERE was a jovial Beggar,
 He had a Wooden Leg,
 And lame from his Cradle,
 Was forced for to beg :
And a Begging we will go,
we'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

A Bag for my Oat-meal,
 Another for my Rye ;
 A little Bottle by my Side,
 To drink when I am dry :
And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.

Bag for my Wheat,
And another for my Salt,
A little Pair of Crutches,
To shew how I can halt:
*And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And a Begging we will go.*

A Bag for my Bread,
And another for my Cheese,
A little Dog to follow me,
To gather what I leave.
And a Begging, &c.

To Pimblico we'll go,
Where we will merry be,
With every Man a can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee:
And a Begging, &c.

And when that we are disposed,
We tumble on the Grass,
With long patch'd Coats,
For to hide a pretty Lads:
And a Begging, &c.

Seven Years I served
My Good old Master *Wild*,
And seven Years I begged
Whilst I was but a Child:
And a Begging, &c.

I had the pretty Knae
For to wheedle ar' to . . .
By Young and by the Old,
Most pity'd e'er was I:
And a Begging, &c.

Fatherless and Motherless,
Still was my Complaint,
And none that ever saw me,
But took me for a Saint:
And a Begging, &c.

I begged for my Master,
And got him store of Pelf,
But *Jove* now be praised,
I now beg for myself:
And a Begging, &c.

Within a Hollow-tree I live,
And there I pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content:
And a Begging, &c.

I fear no plots against me,
But live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When a Beggar lives so well:
*And a Begging we will go,
We'll go, we'll go,
And Begging we will go.*